

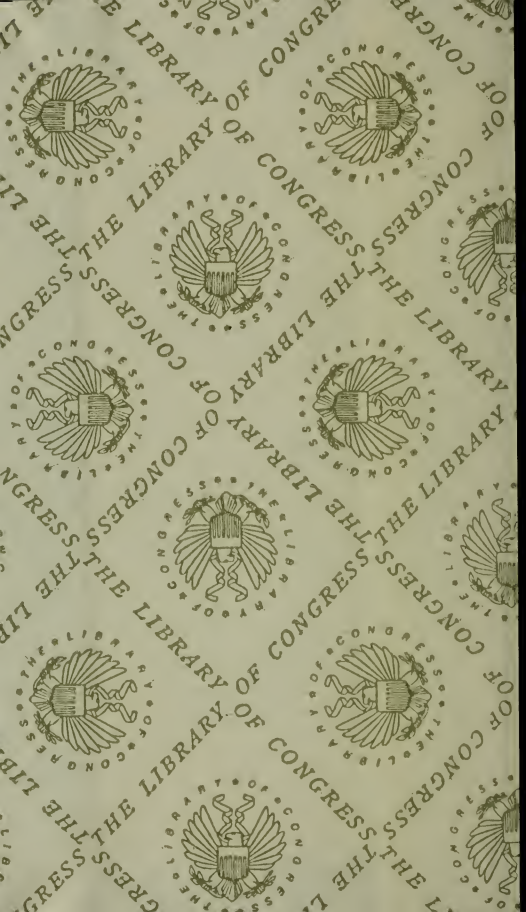
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# FAIRY'S SEARCH,

AND

# OTHER POEMS.

BY

MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels,  
"Wherewith they write on hills and plains  
"Mysterious truths."

NEW YORK:

NAFIS & CORNISH, 278 PEARL STREET,

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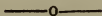
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a.m.p., Oct. 17, 1929

## PREFACE.



THE desire of imparting to others the gratification we derive from pleasing objects is a natural impulse. In response to that feeling, and with the desire to awaken in the minds of others that peculiar sentiment of affection which the writer feels for flowers, the "Fairy's Search" was written. To her they have not only been cheerful companions in happy hours and soothing consolers in moments of affliction, but wise and eloquent instructors; and could she but reveal to others the beautiful truths which they have taught to her, this little volume instead of being what it now is, would be an offering worthy the acceptance of all. But as it is,

---

she only hopes to dash from the "wild sweet blossoms" some of the fragrance of

"These children of the sun and shower,"

and to faintly shadow forth scenes in which flowers have been the ministering angels portrayed in the little story she offers to the public under the name of the "Fairy's Search."



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TO  
EVERY TRUE LOVER OF FLOWERS,  
THE LOVELIEST GIFTS OF NATURE,  
THESE HUMBLE BLOSSOMS OF THOUGHT,  
BOUND TOGETHER BY A SLENDER THREAD  
OF POESY,  
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

E. S. S.



THE  
FAIRY'S SEARCH,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

---

THE FAIRY'S SEARCH.

THE fragrant shade of a rose-clad bower  
Was a Fairy's chosen home,  
Where she gaily passed each summer hour  
With never a wish to roam ;  
Her chief delight was to watch with care  
The beautiful buds unfolding there,  
And guard, from every blighting spell,  
The blossoms that she loved so well.  
Her presence was a magic charm  
That banished every power of harm ;

No wandering footstep dare intrude  
To mar that pleasant solitude ;  
No mortal hand could pluck a flower  
That bloomed in that enchanted bower ;  
No evil influence could appear  
While she, the guardian, lingered near.  
But needful, as the breath of Spring  
Is to the Violet's blossoming,  
Was her protecting power.

Alas ! for the Fay !

One tranquil night she was lured away  
From that sweet home. A merry band  
Of sister Fairies, hand in hand,  
Came dancing to her rosy bower,  
And tempted her, in evil hour,  
To hie afar to a silvery stream  
To revel and sport 'neath the moon's bright  
beam.

'Twas such an eve as Fairies love—  
All cloudless smiled the heaven above,  
And gentle zephyrs wandered by  
With the witching tone of a lover's sigh,  
Or paused awhile, in their wayward flight,

To kiss some flower of brightest bloom,  
Which received the caress in mute delight,  
Then paid it back in a breath of perfume.  
The minstrel night-bird's plaintive song  
So sweetly broke o'er dewy plains  
That echo kept the music long,  
Then sent it forth in softer strains ;  
So calm the sleeping waters lay,  
So true they mirror'd back the glow  
Of sky and moon and starry ray,  
There seem'd another heaven below,  
As pure, as fair, as full of love  
As the blue boundless heaven above.

'Mid scene thus fair, the sportive Fay  
Forgot her treasures far away,  
And lingered late, and listened long  
To pleasure's soft beguiling song,  
Until its witching cadence stole  
Like fascination o'er her soul.  
She woke as dreamers oft-times wake  
From some dear vision of delight,  
When morn's intruding footsteps break  
The airy structures of the night ;

She woke from rapture's thrilling charm,  
To thoughts of care and fears of harm.  
With sad forebodings for her bower,  
Neglected since the twilight hour,  
She left the Fairies' magic ring,  
And, like a bird on tireless wing,  
Flew fast away—but morning's eye  
Looked brightly o'er the eastern sky  
Ere she regain'd her home. Ah ! then,  
How sadly chang'd appear'd the scene !  
How dark, how desolate and lone,  
Like some deserted garden bound  
Where Autumn winds, in mournful tone,  
Wail o'er the wither'd leaflets strown  
In saddest ruin round.  
Some daring hand had stripp'd the bower  
Of every beauteous bud and flower,  
And borne them all away.  
Far off, amid the busy crowd  
Of a throng'd city, now they smil'd,  
And pleas'd the happy and the proud,  
Or solaced sorrow's child.

As storm-clouds pass o'er summer skies,



Dimming their gay and brilliant dyes,  
So pass'd the gloomy shade of woe  
Across the Fairy's radiant brow ;  
Awhile she gazed, in mute despair,  
Around her dwelling once so fair ;  
Awhile she mus'd ; awhile she mourn'd  
Upon the wreck and ruin near her :  
But soon, like dawning light, return'd  
Hope's gentle smile to cheer her :  
And she resolv'd, despite the pain  
Or peril such attempt might cost,  
To roam thro' many a varied scene  
In search of the sweet flowers she'd lost.  
Then, quick as thought, she plum'd her wing,  
And, like a rosy cloud of even  
Floating upon the breath of Spring,  
Rose gracefully to the blue Heaven,  
And soar'd away. Onward she flew  
O'er hill and vale and streamlet blue,  
Nor paus'd until she spied afar,  
Soft gleaming thro' the lucid air,  
The city's towers and temples fair.  
With joy she hails the welcome sight ;  
And, wearied with her rapid flight,

She gladly gains a lofty tower,  
And folds the drooping wing, whose power  
Is for a season lost. With timid mien  
She looks upon the wildering scene  
That meets her eye below.

A motley crowd, a mingled throng  
Move slowly by, or sweep along  
Like clouds when wild winds blow.  
Misfortune's child, with pallid face,  
And wasted form and weary pace,  
Moves on beside the rich and great,  
Whose happier brows and haughtier state  
In mournful contrast shine.

Old Age with furrow'd brow, and eye  
Dim with the shadowy mist of Time ;  
Youth, radiant as the cloudless sky  
Of Summer in its prime ;  
And sportive childhood, fresh and gay,  
As blossoms in the morning's beam,  
All mingle in that crowded way,  
Like beings of a dream.

Long gaz'd the Fay, with wondering eye,  
And half forgot the flowers she sought,

Till a soft breeze that wander'd by,  
Their well known perfume brought :  
And now she sees a radiant throng  
Of youths and maidens sweep along.  
Their forms are deck'd in raiment bright ;  
Their brows are beaming with delight ;  
Their footsteps move to joyous measure ;  
Their hearts are tuned to notes of pleasure—  
So gay their smiles, so pure their mirth,  
They seem not children of the earth,  
But brighter, happier spirits, come  
From some far-off, celestial home,  
Some realm where rapture reigns supreme,  
And life is all one blissful dream.  
They dwell, in truth, in such a sphere—  
Youth's fairy land !—Ah, never fear,  
Or care, or sorrow's hand,  
Can touch the dwellers of that clime ;  
Secure in pleasure's spells they stand,  
Defying all save Time !

The gay ones pause beside the church ;  
Each bows a reverent head,  
And passes 'neath the lofty arch,

With slow and solemn tread.  
With folded wing and noiseless pace,  
The Fay, too, seeks that worship-place ;  
Enters, and marks with mute surprise,  
The holy scene that meets her eyes.  
Before the sacred altar stand  
A noble youth and gentle maid ;—  
Eye meeting eye, and hand in hand,  
And truth on either brow displayed,  
They seem, by Heaven, design'd to move  
Together o'er life's rugged way,  
That clouded path, which wedded love  
Can render radiant as the day.  
Fair was the bride ;—youth's holy charm  
Lent all its witchery to her form ;  
And beauty's deepest spell was seen  
In down-cast eye and modest mien.  
A graceful robe of stainless white  
Fell round her, as the moon's soft light  
Falls o'er the earth in cloudless night.  
A floating veil of silvery hue,  
Whose folds, her brow look'd lovelier through,  
Hung, like the mist on mountain side,  
And heighten'd charms it sought to hide.

A cluster of white roses lay  
Upon her bosom's snowy vest,  
And well the graceful things became,  
Their beauteous place of rest.

In truth, it was a holy sight  
To see that youthful maiden there,  
With heart so fond and hopes so bright,  
With form and soul alike so fair,  
Breathing in accents, firm though low,  
Affection's sweetest, holiest vow.  
Ah ! wedlock is a hallow'd ray  
To cheer us on our pilgrim way ;  
It adds to bliss a brighter beam,  
And softens even sorrow's dream.  
That sacred fetter of the heart  
Is dear in Hymen's early hours,  
When Earth still wears its Eden light,  
And life is yet a feast of flowers ;  
But better, loftier, holier far,  
Is the fond tie in later years,  
When it becomes the changeless star  
That guides us thro' " a vale of tears."  
Then, like the rainbow's brilliant dyes,

It brightens e'en the stormiest skies.

The vows are said ; the twain are one ;  
The bridal band have turn'd away ;—  
Like some bright dream, when sleep is gone,  
Fades now the vision gay.

The Fairy, who, with tearful eye,  
Had mark'd the solemn rite,  
Turns from the scene, with gentle sigh,  
Thus musing on the flow'rets bright  
That deck'd the beauteous bride ;

“ So lovingly they seem'd to rest  
“ Upon her fair and sinless breast,  
“ I could not take them thence—for there,  
“ More bright than in my bower they were ;  
“ Methought they look'd as born to grace  
“ Her radiant form and blooming face—  
“ The gentle sunlight of her eye  
“ Beam'd o'er them like the genial sky,  
“ And seem'd their native ray ;  
“ Her balmy sighs play'd round their leaves,  
“ As, in the hush of summer eves,  
“ The whispering south winds play ;  
“ And from her glowing cheek they won

“ A hue, like that the setting sun  
“ Sheds o’er the smiling earth :—  
“ ’Twas well to deck that lovely bride  
“ With my sweet flowers : for thus allied  
“ To beauty, purity and worth,  
“ They seem’d, indeed, like gifts divine,  
“ Plac’d on a fair and fitting shrine,  
“ As offerings to Heaven.”

The wandering Fay  
Now plum’d her wing and soar’d away.  
As on she flew, hope’s witching strain  
Awakened pleasant thoughts again,  
And bade her seek in other scenes  
The treasures of her bower  
She paus’d within a narrow street  
Where day’s bright smile but faintly fell ;  
Where Heaven’s pure air could rarely greet  
The pallid beings doom’d to dwell  
Within that gloomy bound.  
With noiseless tread she trac’d her way  
O’er creaking step, and passage grey  
With the dark hues of Time.  
She gain’d at length a humble room,  
Whose cheerless air of sombre gloom

Might well befit the lonely cell  
Where world-forgetting hermits dwell ;  
There, gazing timidly around,  
The objects of her search she found ;  
And o'er them bendeth one whose brow  
Wears the high impress stamp'd by thought,  
Whose eye is kindled by the glow  
From the pure flame of genius caught.  
With looks that rapturous feelings tell  
He gazes on the flowers before him ;  
They seem, like some magician's spell,  
To bid enchantment hover o'er him.  
And mark, as oft aside he turns  
To trace his thoughts upon the page,  
With holier light his dark eye burns  
And loftier dreams his soul engage.  
Doth not the pale brow'd student find,  
In those fair, fragrant things,  
A hidden charm that wakes his mind  
To glorious imaginings ?  
He is an ardent worshipper  
At Nature's sacred shrine,  
But kept, by adverse fortune, far  
From all her works divine,



His spirit pines like prison'd bird,  
Till wishes wild and vain are stirr'd  
Within his restless mind.

He longs to be away, away,  
By lofty mount or verdant plain,  
And feel the breath of Heaven play  
Fresh o'er his fever'd brain ;

He longs to catch a living beam  
From Nature's radiant eye,  
To light his soul's poetic dream  
With inspiration high !

But ah ! he vainly longs for this—  
Not his the lot, not his the bliss,  
To dwell where he might rove at will  
By murmuring stream or mossy hill,  
And feel their charms his spirit thrill  
With thought's sublimest strains.

And thus, denied the lot he loves,  
He feels as exil'd from his home,  
And cherishes the lowliest thing  
That can a shadowy picture bring  
Of the beloved and beauteous scenes  
He visits only in his dreams.

Thus flowers, to him, are like the chime

Of his own native melodies  
To wanderer in a foreign clime ;  
They image to his soul the light  
Of lovely scenes afar,  
As truly as the tranquil lake  
Reflects the twilight star.  
Tho' voiceless, for his ear they have  
A language all their own,  
And, as the shell from ocean's cave  
Still murmurs in melodious tone  
Of its far distant home,  
So, eloquently whisper they  
Of their bright birth-place far away.  
No marvel then the poet loves  
These " children of the sun and shower,"  
No marvel then their presence moves  
His spirit with resistless power.

The Fairy mark'd the holy flame  
That kindled in the poet's eye,  
And felt she scarce could wish to claim  
Her flowers from such a destiny.  
" Forever must my bower remain  
" Without a rose to blossom near,

“ E’er I can deck it o’er again  
“ With treasures gather’d here.  
“ No ! let the minstrel’s ardent gaze  
“ Beam on their beauties long,  
“ Though lowly, they have power to raise  
“ High thoughts for tuneful song ;  
“ And though so perishable, still  
“ They may inspire a lay  
“ Whose melody the world shall thrill  
“ Till Time’s remotest day !  
“ Then let the priest of Nature keep  
“ Her offspring fair—for it is meet  
“ Their incense breath should round him float,  
“ And mingle with the anthems sweet  
“ That, from his soul’s pure altar rise,  
“ Like grateful offerings to the skies !”

And musing thus the Fairy flew  
From the bard’s dwelling, to renew  
Her fond pursuit. With wondering air  
She paus’d beside a mansion fair.  
As palaces in sunny lands,  
That stately home was bright,  
With the rich treasures wealth commands,

And gems that taste and art delight  
To lavish on their shrine.  
It seem'd that pleasure's thrilling song  
Might ever sound in scene so fair,  
And hope and peace and joy belong  
To every dweller there :  
But ah ! no mortal home is free  
From care's intrusive form ;  
And never human heart can be  
Exempt from sorrow's storm.  
Within a large and lofty room,  
Where mocking splendor smil'd,  
A mother sat in grief and gloom,  
And sorrow'd o'er her child :—  
Not o'er child—but o'er the clay  
That, when the yester-morn had birth,  
Enshrin'd a “ gem of purest ray,”  
A pearl of priceless worth.  
A Mighty Power hath claimed the gem,  
With purpose good and wise,  
And set it in a diadem  
Whose light illumines the skies.  
The mother knows her pearl will shine  
Far brighter in its home above,

Yet must her spirit long repine  
For that which woke its fondest love.  
The rifled casket still is dear,  
Although its light is fled,  
And mourning love *must* drop a tear  
Above the early dead.  
With eyes that rain like Summer showers,  
With trembling hand and anguish'd face,  
The mother now, with clustering flowers  
Bedecks her child's last dwelling-place.  
Ah, see how fair his pallid brow  
Looks in that rosy garland now !  
And mark what life-like hue is caught  
By voiceless lip, and moveless cheek,  
As if again the spirit wrought  
Within its temple, and would speak  
Some sweet and pleasant thought !  
'Tis strange how much of life and light  
And beauty those fresh flow'rets give ;  
They make the clay-cold features bright,  
And whisper that the lost doth live !  
So fair the dear deception grows,  
That the pale mother's bosom glows  
With a faint feeling, almost joy,

While gazing on her beauteous boy.  
More hopeful now her watch she keeps,  
More calmly views the lingering smile  
Which seems to say he only sleeps—  
Sleeps calm and dreams of Heaven the  
while !

“ Aye, strew them o’er the silent head,  
“ And lay them on the quiet breast ;  
“ Meet emblems of the early dead ;  
“ Fit offerings for their place of rest.  
“ Let none remove those fragrant things—  
“ Affection’s votive offerings—  
“ From the pale clay ; there let them fade ;  
“ And when within the grave they’re laid,  
“ Memory shall oft the lost restore,  
“ And paint him as he look’d before,  
“ With the sweet garland round his brow,  
“ And his lip wreath’d in smiles.  
“ Thus shall the mourning mother borrow  
“ A pleasant thought to soothe her sorrow,  
“ And deem her child was fitly dress’d  
“ To seek the presence of the bless’d,  
“ And join the angel band !”







## The Fay

Thus said, then sadly turn'd away,  
And with a drooping heart and wing,  
Resum'd again her wandering.  
And now she seeks a home of sin,  
Which veileth mournful scenes within,  
Like stream whose sunlight surface hides  
The gloom that in his depths abides.  
There, in that dwelling's fatal walls,  
Virtue a martyr'd victim falls ;  
There Hope, "the heaven-born charmer" dies,  
And Peace, with trembling pinion, flies  
Far from the gloomy scene.

The Fairy pass'd the threshold's bound,  
And gaz'd with timid wonder round ;  
Soft came the shaded beams of day  
Through casements drap'd in fabrics gay ;  
This flood of rosy-tinted light  
Fell over many an object bright ;  
And, like the glow of sunset skies,  
Bestow'd on all its own rich dyes.  
There were the Sculptor's forms of grace,  
In whose fair shapes the eye might trace

The cunning of a master hand—  
The power that genius' sons command ;  
And pictures, whose rich colouring wore  
The light, the life that beameth o'er  
A living landscape—forms so fair,  
Features of loveliness so rare,  
And eyes that all so life-like beam'd,  
Shone from the canvas, that it seem'd  
The artist must have won his power  
From source divine, by some high spell,  
Or wander'd, in his dreaming hour,  
Where shapes of heaven-born beauty dwell.

The tenant of this gorgeous room  
Is a fair female, in the bloom  
Of life's rich Summer days :  
Oh, sure if splendor's dazzling rays  
Have power the human heart to cheer,  
We'll find a fount of gladness here !  
But mark ye now the lone one's face,  
No sign of peace or joy you trace  
Within that mirror ;—it reveals  
But the sad weariness she feels.  
The burning tint upon her cheek

Doth not health's rosy presence speak ;  
'Tis but the hue that art bestows,  
The counterfeit of nature's rose ;  
And the quick flashing of her eye  
Is not like joy's celestial beam,  
But lightning in a stormy sky,  
Whose lurid and terrific gleam  
Shows the dark clouds that linger near,  
And wakens thoughts of gloom and fear.  
All ye who seek to read the heart,  
And learn the secrets hidden there,  
Watch well the eye—deceptive part  
That never plays, but beameth pure,  
If all be pure within—man may school  
His lying lip to smile by rule,  
Or his deceitful brow to wear  
The semblance of a joy not there,  
But o'er this mirror of his soul  
He cannot hold such high control ;  
This spurns all power that would subdue,  
And speaks in accents ever true !

And now, if we can read aright  
The language in those eyes so bright,

How sad are its revealings!  
How much it tells of grief and gloom,  
Of buried hopes and blighted feelings,  
And joys that never more can bloom.  
See! how intense and wild her gaze,  
As if some sight of dread amaze  
Woke horror in her soul!  
How pales and glows her brow by turns!  
How wilder still her eye-beam burns!  
How heaves her breast with deep-drawn sighs,  
Like waves when angry winds arise!  
How moves her pallid lip, as though  
It fain would breathe a wail of wo!  
What moves her thus? those roses fair,  
So wildly scatter'd round her there?  
Aye, they can well reveal the cause  
Of her sad brow and earnest gaze,  
For they have power to bid her pause  
In sin and guilt's unholy ways.  
She reads within those stainless things  
A moral lesson, pure and true,  
Which, to her darken'd spirit, brings  
Thoughts of a better, brighter hue.  
Visions of peace and hope and youth

Pass o'er the mirror of her mind,  
Recalling friendships lit by truth,  
And loves all sinless and refined.  
Those flowers call back the blissful time  
When she was pure and fair as they,  
With form untouch'd, unstain'd by crime,  
And spirit spotless as the day.  
Oh, bless the thoughts those roses give,  
And bless the spells that in them live !  
Once more the erring wanderer strays  
'Mid the lov'd haunts of early days,  
Pure, happy, innocent again,  
And free from every darkening stain.  
Once more she wanders o'er the wild,  
A gay and guileless village child,  
Hunting, in every lone retreat,  
For Snow-drop fair or Violet sweet.  
Once more, oh, bliss above all other !  
She kneels beside her sainted mother,  
And breathes the sweet and solemn prayers  
She learn'd in childhood's happy hours.  
She feels her parent's holy kiss,  
She hears her gentle blessing given,  
Oh ! can there be on earth a bliss

More pure, or more allied to Heaven?  
But all too dear the vision grows,  
Too great the burden of delight ;  
The dreamer wakes to present woes,  
Awakes to feel the withering blight  
Of shame and error's deepest stain  
Enfold her like the captive's chain.  
But tears, such tears as long have been  
By those dark flashing eyes unshed,  
Now falling fast and free, proclaim  
That virtue's seeds are not *all* dead.  
" Hope for the lost ! high hope for one  
" Who long hath been the child of sin ;  
" One strain of memory's music tone  
" May back to peace a wanderer win !  
" There, let my precious flow'rets lie  
" Long, long before her tearful eye :  
" They wake repentance for the past,  
" And o'er the clouded future cast  
" One ray of hope serene.  
" Perchance these simple things may be  
" The heralds of a better day,  
" And by their holy ministry  
" Lure back the lost to virtue's way."

These words the wandering Fairy said,  
As from the mournful scene she fled.  
But soon again her flight was stay'd  
Beneath a churchyard's sombre shade.  
Alas ! it is a solemn sight,  
A graveyard in a city's bound,  
So silent, sad and desolate,  
While busy life is all around !  
It speaks so truly to the heart  
Of being's vain and empty show ;  
And seems to mock the fleeting part  
We play while here below.  
How hush'd and still the sleepers lie,  
While countless footsteps hurry by !  
How calm and tranquil all appear,  
While tumult, toil and strife are near !  
There sleep ambition's sons, nor heed  
The efforts of a rival train,  
Who hasten on to win the meed  
They sought in life to gain.  
There rests the dreaming poet now,  
Who once had hop'd to deck his brow  
With Fame's unfading bays ;  
Now other minstrels win the race,

And make the lost one's burial-place  
Echo with *their* proud lays.  
And there the slave of traffic lies ;  
In vain the golden chances rise ;  
In vain the speculator's prize  
Is offered in the mart :—no more  
He has, as in life's scheming hour,  
The alchemist's once fabled power.  
His crafty spirit sleeps the while  
His brother toiler's of the day  
Sweep by to bask in Fortune's smile,  
And bear her spoils away !

The dead, the quiet dead, should rest  
Far from the busy haunts of life,  
Far from all care and toil unblest,  
Far from all noise and strife.  
In some sweet spot, where Nature sheds  
A smile serene and fair,  
We e'er should make their lowly beds,  
And lay the sleepers there.  
The smiling Sun or pensive Moon,  
Should be the only lights that shine  
In such a scene ; the soothing tune



Of wild-bird's song divine,  
Or murmuring water's gentle lay,  
The only music tones that play  
Around the solemn shrine.  
There moaning winds, thro' leafy bowers,  
Would softly sigh to answering flowers,  
And ceaseless requiems chant.  
And this were fitting sight to see,  
Sweet Nature mourning o'er her dead,  
Like a fond mother's tearful eye  
Watching her offspring's bed.

Sadly the Fairy gaz'd around  
On marble tomb and grassy mound,  
And sigh'd to think of all the wo  
That many living hearts would know,  
For those who slept so calm below !  
But peace again smil'd o'er her heart,  
When she beheld a grave apart,  
So hallow'd by Affection's light,  
'Twas cheerful to the gazer's sight  
The lowly bed was planted o'er  
With shrubs and flowers,  
So chosen that their own sweet lore,

Their "mystic language" might disclose  
A touching tale—the pale white Rose  
Was there of sadness deep to tell,  
And Hyacinth, whose purple bell  
Is eloquent of sorrow ;  
And Violets of the azure hue,  
Which change not with the changing skies,  
And therefore are the emblems true  
Of faithfulness. Its fragrant sighs  
Sweet Rosemary breath'd around,  
And, with its leaves of fadeless green,  
Spake of remembrance ;—there was found  
The graceful locust, too, which gave  
A beauteous aspect to the scene,  
And told of love beyond the grave.  
These token flowers reveal'd that he  
Who slept below was unforgot ;  
That fond and faithful memory  
Would linger long around the spot,  
The sacred shrine which Love had sought  
For the dear idol of his thought.

And, kneeling now on that low bed,  
The Fay beholds a woman fair,





With cheek whose early bloom is fled,  
And brow that wears the seal of care ;  
With eye whose dim and shadowy light  
Reveals a history of tears,  
And tells that grief's untimely blight  
Has fallen on life's Summer years.  
She's weaving now a blooming wreath,  
A garland of the Fairy's roses,  
'To grace and beautify the tomb  
Where her belov'd reposes.  
Mark, how the tide of wo is stay'd;  
And sorrow's gloomy shadows fade  
From her pale brow and mournful eyes,  
The while her pleasant task she plies !  
The tear-drops pause upon her cheek,  
And linger there, and gleam awhile,  
As night's soft tears on mountain steep  
Gleam in the morning's smile.  
While bending o'er those bright-hued flowers,  
And drinking in their sweet perfume,  
There comes a dream of happier hours  
To cheer the mourner's gloom.  
Like phantoms rais'd by wizard spell,  
The vanish'd scenes of other days

Arise, in all their earlier charms,  
Before her spirit gaze.

Her sobs are hush'd, her tears are dried,  
Her heart hath cast its weight aside,  
And, for a time, forgot its wo,  
For loss of him who sleeps below.

“ Dream on, dream on, poor widow'd heart ;

“ And may such visions peace impart.

“ Henceforth thou'lt tread life's daily round

“ Like a lone pilgrim, who, in fear

“ Wanders where gloomy sights abound,

“ And peril lurketh near.

“ Henceforth each hope that dawns for thee

“ Must have a cloud to dim its light,

“ And every bud of joy you see

“ Must wear the canker's hidden blight.

“ Henceforth all music tones you hear

“ Will ring with one discordant note,

“ And o'er all prospects, bright and dear,

“ One pall-like shadow still will float.

“ The purest pleasures left for thee,

“ Fond wife, are those of memory ;

“ And they, indeed, are truly thine,

“ While thou art decking that sad shrine

“ With my sweet flowers. Aye, strew them  
there,  
“ For they are offerings, pure and fair,  
“ And meet for such a scene. Emblems of thee,  
“ Sad one, these gentle flowers will be !  
“ Lovely while perishing, and true  
“ To their pure lives, they'll yield a breath  
“ Of sweetness to the last—thus you  
“ Will still love on till death.”

Thus spake, in pity's tenderest strain,  
The wanderer—then resum'd again  
Her weary search. And now, in fear  
And grief, she pauses near  
A gloomy prison. Within its cells  
Many a wretched inmate dwells,  
Shut out from peace and hope's sweet ray ;  
Shut out from honour's flowery way ;  
Shut out from every pleasant sight  
And sound that wakens deep delight  
In the *free* heart—from the blue sky,  
The balmy air, the sun's glad beams,  
The breathing flowers, the bounding streams,  
And all thy blessings, Liberty !

Oh, Crime ! it is a fearful thing,  
And fearful penalties must bring ;  
For deepest wo and darkest shame,  
And blighted hopes and ruin'd name,  
And Earth's contempt and Heaven's wrath  
Must follow all who tread its path !  
Why will not wayward mortals learn  
The fatal wiles of sin to spurn,  
When, in all records of the past,  
They read the truth, that, first or last,  
The guilty meet a wretched doom ?  
The good, the pure alone can know  
The joys that in life's pathway bloom,  
The heaven that even here below  
Can fill the heart, and waken there  
All its diviner powers.  
To such the earth is ever fair ;  
To such its fields and flowers  
Still wear the hues of beauty bright—  
The radiant charm, the glorious light  
That shone on Eden's bowers ;  
And such, however low their lot,  
However circumscrib'd the spot  
They call their home, may walk the earth,







Proud in the consciousness of worth,  
And freely claim a kindred tie  
With the angelic host on high.

A strange, a sad and solemn sight  
Now meets the Fairy's gaze,  
It seemeth as if sudden night  
Had veil'd the noon-tide's blaze.  
Low, dark and gloomy are the walls,  
From whence the noisome moisture falls:  
A heap of straw the only bed  
For the unhappy captive spread;  
But e'en in this degraded state,  
He shows a lingering remnant yet  
Of feelings meet for happier fate.  
Crouch'd on the floor, just where a ray  
Of sickly sunshine makes its way  
Thro' grating small, his fingers clasp,  
With energy's convulsive grasp,  
A few frail flowers. How they had found  
Their way within the prison bound,  
'Twere vain to tell;—with kind intent,  
Perchance some friend of better days  
Had these sweet missionaries sent,

Repentance for the past to raise ;  
Perchance that love, (it oft hath given  
Such token of its deathless powers,)  
Had, with a pity born of Heaven,  
Thus sought to soothe the weary hours  
Of the lone wretch. Needless to know  
How those fair flowers he gain'd ;  
Be mine the pleasant task to show  
With what a holy power they reign'd  
O'er the sad heritor of shame.  
Long had he paced the prison-floor,  
And eyed the narrow boundary o'er,  
With glance like lightning's flame,  
While thoughts of evil, dark and dire,  
Awoke his soul to vengeful ire,  
And curses, deep and dreadful, fell  
Like muttering thunders round the cell,  
Until it seem'd the gloomy lair  
Of some dark demon of despair.  
But now a sudden change is wrought  
In the fierce current of his thought ;  
Those flowers have touch'd the only chord  
Yet tuneful in his rugged breast,  
And feeling's fount is strangely stirr'd,

Like waters in the storm's unrest.  
That one pure spark which never dies,  
E'en in the coldest, hardest hearts ;  
Which gleams, like stars in clouded skies,  
Thro' all the gloom that sin imparts,  
Now wakes and brightens like the ray  
That heralds the approach of day.  
*The memory of a Mother's love !*  
How like a voice from worlds above  
It thrills the soul ! How long it dwells  
Shrin'd in the heart's most holy cells,  
A sacred thing ! If darkening powers  
Have quench'd the light of earlier hours,  
And bade all other pure thoughts fly,  
That purest feeling will not die,  
But lives and smiles 'mid blight and gloom,  
Like wild flower o'er a ruin'd tomb.  
That feeling may be buried deep  
Beneath a load of sin and shame,  
And may for long, long seasons keep  
Hidden from all its holy flame ;  
But it will wake in some lone hour,  
And rule the soul with conquering power.

Thus with the captive,—thick and fast  
As stars steal out when day is past,  
Now gentle thoughts and memories steal  
Upon his spirit, and reveal  
Glimpses of better things. How bright appears  
The vision of life's early years !  
How purely to his spirit's gaze,  
Rises the well-beloved form  
Of her who watch'd with love so warm  
His childhood's wayward days.  
Each token of her love for him,  
Her only son, her hope and pride,  
Her watching till the stars grew dim,  
In nightly vigils by his side,  
When pain oppress'd. Her tireless care  
To teach him lessons good and true ;  
Her oft repeated hope and prayer  
That he might virtue's path pursue ;  
All these fond memories cluster now  
Around the captive's heart—their power  
Is like the sun's reviving glow,  
In Spring's enchanted hour.  
“ Oh, God ! and can it truly be,  
“ A wretch, so lost, so vile as me,

“ Could e'er have been so deeply bless'd  
“ With such a love ? Did that pure ray  
“ In truth illume my childhood's day ?  
“ Ah, would to Heaven, that death's cold hand  
“ Had laid me in an early grave,  
“ E'er I had slighted one command  
“ That sainted mother gave !”

These burning words the captive said,  
Then bent his form and bow'd his head  
And wept—aye, wept ! the man of crime,  
Freely as in life's holier time !

Thus he, whose spirit wo and pain  
And gloomy cell and galling chain  
Had fail'd to soften or subdue,  
Now melted to remorseful tears,  
To penitence sincere and true,  
Before those fairy flowers. And she  
Who came to bear them to her bower  
Wept too, with wondering joy, to see  
This last sweet token of their power.

“ Ah, never more I'll fondly dream,  
“ Or wish to claim my treasures fair,  
“ So dear to mortal homes they seem,  
“ 'Tis meet they spend their sweet lives there.

“ Let lowly cot and lordly hall,  
“ And wide domain and garden small,  
“ Receive the gentle guests ; and they  
“ Henceforth shall rule with loftier sway ;  
“ For I am homeless now, my bower  
“ Is desolate, and I must dwell  
“ By turns with every beauteous flower  
“ That blooms around—a mystic spell,  
“ A high and holy charm shall be  
“ Their recompense who shelter me ;  
“ Round each and all this gift shall live,  
“ E’en after they have ceas’d to give  
“ The wandering Fay a home.  
“ But ever, in fond memory  
“ Of my own chosen flowers,  
“ *Roses* of every hue shall own  
“ A spell of deeper powers ;  
“ The charm I give to them shall cast  
“ Its magic over every heart,  
“ And hold sweet influence there, and last  
“ Till life itself depart ;  
“ And holy spirits, when they grieve  
“ O’er those who stray from virtue’s track,  
“ Shall bless the spells that roses weave,



“ And choose them as their messengers  
“ To call the wanderers back.”

No more the Fairy spake—no more  
She mourn'd her lost ; her search was o'er,  
But not her wanderings, for she stray'd  
Where many flowret's bloom'd, and made  
Her home awhile with all. And still  
She roams earth's garden-bowers at will,  
And nestles in Spring's opening rose,  
Or flutters round the Tulip's bell,  
Or creeps, at evening's dewy close,  
Within the Lily's fragrant cell,  
And slumbers there, and dreams away  
The Summer night in visions gay ;  
And, when the morning smiles again,  
She leaves the bright-hued garden flowers,  
And hies to lonely hill or plain,  
To spend a few delicious hours,  
Where the wild Honeysuckles fling  
Their balmy sweets on zephyr's wing.  
Whene'er a storm-cloud veils the sky,  
Or threat'ning winds sweep rudely by,  
She hastens to a safe retreat,

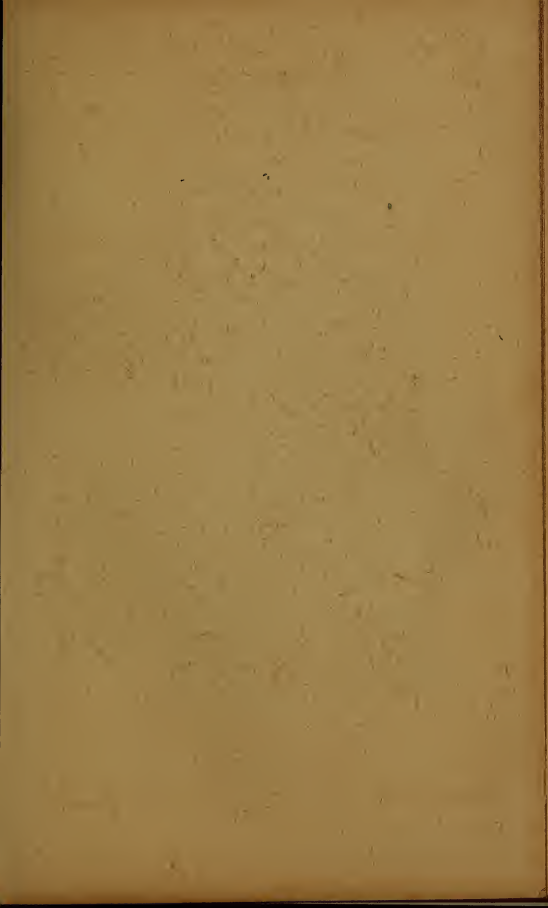
The Violet's shelter'd home, and there  
Receives a welcome sweet,  
And rests till Heaven again is fair.  
And, mindful of her promis'd spell,  
She bids a mystic beauty dwell  
Round every home she gains.  
All ye who nurture flowers, and feel  
Their soothing influence o'er ye steal  
With a mysterious sway, be sure  
The wandering Fay hath sojourn'd there  
Amid your fragrant treasures, where  
Her charm e'en yet endures.  
And ye who roam o'er daisied ground,  
While Spring or Summer smiles around,  
And feel a bliss words may not tell,  
Know that the Fairy's magic spell  
Is deepest in such place and time,  
And wakes that sense of joy sublime.  
Know, too, that a mysterious tie,  
A lofty bond of sympathy,  
Unites your spirits to the Fay ;  
And this is why her charm can sway  
So potently your souls, for yet,  
No matter where her footsteps roam,

She turns with memory's fond regret  
To her *first* beauteous home,  
And often pines, but pines in vain,  
Another one so dear to gain.  
Thus mortals, whatsoe'er their lot,  
Turn ever to the sacred spot,  
The first dear home that gave them birth,  
And deem it brightest of the earth ;  
And sigh that life no more can wear  
The blissful hues that deck'd it there.

And now my pleasant task were done,  
Save that there comes a thought of one  
Who truly said, " they write in vain  
Who weave no moral with their strain ;"  
And mine were little worth indeed,  
If wanting this. To those who read  
This simple tale, then, let me say,  
Cherish and love the lowly things  
That form the burden of my lay ;  
For their sweet lives, tho' brief as bright,  
Are ruled by that same power Divine,  
Who bids each glorious world of light  
In its appointed orbit shine ;

And not more wondrous to the soul  
Are the bright worlds that o'er us roll  
Unchang'd by time, than the frail flower  
Whose life is compass'd by an hour ;  
Each speaks the same high language ;—each  
The same ennobling lessons teach ;  
Each leads our thoughts and hopes above,  
Each wakes our reverence and our love  
For the Supreme—the “ Great First Cause,”  
Who rules with such unerring laws.







## THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

THEY are exiled by Destiny's changeless decree,  
From heritage, birth-place and home,  
And doom'd, like the storm bird which flies  
o'er the sea,

Still onward unresting to roam.

They are leaving forever their own native clime;  
They are hastening on to decay;  
A few more dark waves from the ocean of Time  
Will sweep the last remnant away.

E'en now from the forests that rise in the West,  
From valley and mountain and stream;  
From the prairie's broad surface, the lake's  
boundless breast,

They are passing away like a dream.

When a few more brief years shall have roll'd  
o'er the land,

And cities lie thick on the plain,  
On our far western hills will the traveller stand,  
And ask for the red men in vain.

In vain will he ask for the wild woods they  
loved,

In their happy and prosperous hour ;  
For the homes and the haunts and the scenes  
where they roved

In the days of their freedom and power.  
No record shall linger to tell of the race ;  
No epitaph point to their tomb :  
The changes of Time will have swept from  
the place  
All sign of their life and their doom.

The streams where their fleet barks once glided  
about,

Will bear gallant vessels along ;  
And the hills which have echoed the warrior's  
shout,

Will resound to the husbandman's song.  
On the plains where green forests their arms  
toss'd on high,

Where the red hunter sought the wild deer,  
Fair cities will lift their proud domes to the  
sky,

And Art's splendid temples appear.



The flock of the herdsman will feed o'er the  
grave

Where the dust of the chieftain is laid ;  
And the rich yellow harvests of Autumn will  
wave

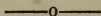
Where the tomb of a nation was made !  
The ploughman will pause in the midst of his toil,  
And ask, with a wondering gaze,  
As he bends o'er the relics he turns with the soil,  
“ Who dwelt here in earlier days ? ”

No voice from the past will arise to reveal  
The secret he questions to know ;  
For Poesy's song will not wake to the theme,  
Nor History an answer bestow ;  
But echo alone will reply to the sound,  
O'er hill-top and valley and plain ;  
Her voice in low music will linger around,  
And repeat the sad question again.

'Tis meet that we mourn for the Indian's doom ;  
When life's weary journey is o'er,  
He must sink to a lonely, unchronicled tomb,  
And be nam'd or remember'd no more :

With perishing things he must pass from the  
earth,

And leave not a trace to disclose  
His name, or his deeds, or the place of his birth,  
Or the spot where he sank to repose.



### THE MOTHER'S HYMN TO THE DEPARTED.

SLEEP, dearest, sleep! Love yearns to take  
thee

From thy calm repose ;  
But 'twere cruel now to wake thee  
To life's bitter woes.

Sleep in peace! thy mother's sorrow  
Will not break thy rest,  
For, amid her grief, she'll borrow  
Joy, to know thee blest.

Sleep, dearest, sleep! Tho' Hope departed  
When I laid thee low,  
She who soothes the broken-hearted—  
Memory—did not go ;

And she cheers my mournful dreaming  
    With thy smiling eyes,  
Till, like rainbows, they are beaming  
    In Thought's clouded skies.

Sleep, dearest, sleep! No power shall harm  
    thee,

    Tho' I am not nigh;  
Angel voices now shall charm thee  
    With their lullaby.

Angel mothers now caress thee,  
    With a love like mine;  
Angel care and kindness bless thee,  
    In thy home divine.

Sleep, dearest, sleep! The tie that bound us  
    Is not sever'd quite;  
Still Love's mystic chain is round us;  
    Still our souls unite.

By that tie I'll hope to greet thee,  
    'Mid the pure and blessed;  
By that tie I'll pray to meet thee,  
    And partake thy rest.

## THE HAPPY BAND.

In life's sweet morn we were a band  
Of children, glad and gay,  
Who sported ever, hand in hand,  
The rosy hours away.

Like social birds that roam in flocks  
To seek their summer bowers,  
We wander'd closely side by side,  
Hunting the early flowers.

We number'd eight—eight loving hearts  
So fondly knit together,  
That sunny peace and kindness made  
Unchanging summer weather.  
No clouds arose ; no coldness came ;  
No stormy words or tears—  
But each to each remained the same  
Through childhood's wayward years.

Youth came—the music of our lives  
Still kept its joyous tone,

For each harmonious note was breathed  
By hearts that beat as one.  
And changes came—but still the love  
That brighten'd childhood's day,  
Shone purely o'er our varied paths,  
And cheered our cloudless way.

Years passed—but, whether light or shade  
Played o'er life's changeful sky,  
We still remained a happy band,  
Linked by a holy tie.  
If e'er we parted, 'twas to meet  
In deeper bliss again,  
For time and absence only seemed  
To strengthen love's fond chain.

But ah ! a mightier power than Time  
Or absence came at last,  
And o'er the brightness of our lives,  
A mournful shadow cast :  
One precious link of Love's sweet chain  
Was severed !—never more  
Can wish or hope, or prayer or tear,  
That parted link restore.

The dearest member of our band  
Comes not to join us now—  
The cold earth lies upon his breast,  
The green sod veils his brow.  
The spring, that wakes the sleeping flowers  
And bids them freshly bloom,  
Has no life-giving ray to call  
Our slumberer from the tomb.

We meet—but 'tis in silent grief,  
For thoughtfully we stand ;  
Each reading on the other's brow  
“ We are a broken band.”  
Our household group is like a harp  
Whose sweetest string is gone,  
No longer can its music make  
A full and perfect tone.

We breathe no mournful, murmuring words ;  
We shed no bitter tears ;  
But we feel that life hath lost the charm  
Of its departed years.  
Youth's confidence in earthly bliss,  
Its faith in hope's high powers,

Its fearless trust in future good,  
Can never more be ours :

For one sad lesson now hath taught  
Our hearts this truth severe,  
Love hath no bond or lease to hold  
His valued treasures here ;  
Since Death has stolen one away,  
We hope and trust no more ;  
But ever fear, as misers do,  
Who dread to lose their store.

Yet we repine not—for there comes  
A memory pure and bright,  
Which, like the rainbow after storms,  
We welcome with delight.  
Our sainted brother—ere his soul  
Passed to the better land—  
Bade us to hope that there, once more,  
We'd form a happy band.



## REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.

TAKE up the relics of the dead ;  
    Bear them o'er ocean's foam,  
And give them in the soil of France  
    A fitting, final home !  
The land that loved the warrior brave,  
Should yield his dust an honored grave.

Too long that sea-girt isle hath been  
    His lonely place of rest :  
Earth's mightiest conqueror should repose  
    Among earth's first and best ;  
The "thunderer of the world" should claim  
A Monument to tell his fame.

The eagle's scream—the sea-bird's wail,  
    The night winds mournful song,  
Mingled with ocean's solemn roar  
    Have sung his requiem long—  
The star, the cloud, night's dewy tear,  
The only watchers o'er his bier !



Far different sounds henceforth shall wake  
The death dirge of the brave,  
Far different scenes their beauty lend,  
To decorate his grave ;  
And other watchers now shall keep  
Their vigils o'er his "dreamless sleep."

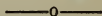
The cannon's roar, the trumpet's voice,  
The spirit-stirring drum,  
Will peal the notes he loved in life,  
Around his last sad home ;  
And veteran bands will oft repair  
To tell his deeds of glory there.

Art's sculptured monument shall rise  
To eulogize his name :  
A nation's voice shall rend the skies,  
With songs of loud acclaim ;  
And beauty's form will linger near,  
To wreath bright garlands round his bier.

'Tis well to render, even now,  
Such honors to the dead—  
The mighty dead ! who moved in life  
With triumph's loftiest tread,

Who o'er the earth his sceptre swayed,  
Till monarchs bowed and worlds obeyed !

Who soared on high like some proud bird  
That takes his heavenward flight—  
And sat enthroned in pride and power  
On glory's loftiest height—  
With nations bending at his feet,  
And empires crumbling round his seat !



### SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

I stood beside a rippling stream  
One changeful April day,  
And watch'd the sun's capricious beam  
Upon the waters play :  
Like some glad spirit of delight  
It sported here and there,  
Making each tiny wavelet bright  
As gems that monarchs wear.  
But never long the glittering guest  
Could any spot illume,

For still some envious cloud would come  
To shroud that spot in gloom ;  
One moment Summer's gentle smile  
Beam'd o'er the streamlet's face ;  
The next, cold Winter's gloomy frown  
Seem'd lowering in its place.

Yet, whether darkened by the shade,  
Or brightened by the ray,  
Those never-resting waters still  
Went gliding on their way ;  
They lingered not when sunlight came,  
They hurried not in shade,  
But with the same unvarying pace  
Their onward journey made.

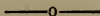
Methought, whilst gazing on those waves,  
That in them I could see  
A solemn type of human life—  
And their voices seem'd to me  
To whisper of that mightier stream,  
The rushing wave of Time,  
Which bears us still, in light or gloom,  
On toward the spirit clime.

Sunlight and Shadow mark the course  
Of life's departing day ;  
Our sorrows are the darkening cloud,  
Our joys, the brightening ray.  
Sunlight and Shadow in our home,  
The same within our heart ;  
Sunlight and Shadow o'er the world  
Their changeful hues impart.

Alike upon the lowly cot,  
And on the mansion fair,  
The Sunlight and the Shadow fall  
With just and equal share :  
The poorest peasant need not fear  
To live in shade alway ;  
And the proudest monarch cannot hope  
To bid the sunshine stay.

For every wave of life will have  
Its portion of the light,  
And that which glides in gloom to-day  
To-morrow will be bright ;  
And whether, like the river's wave,  
In sun or shade they roll,

They still, with never-resting pace,  
Flow onward to their goal.



## WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF BLISS.

We've had our share of bliss, belov'd,  
We've had our share of bliss ;  
And 'mid the varying scenes of life,  
Let us remember this.  
If sorrows come, from vanished joy  
We'll borrow such a light  
As the departed sun bestows  
Upon the queen of night ;  
And, thus, by Memory's moonbeams cheer'd,  
Hope's sun we shall not miss,  
But tread life's path as gay as when  
We had our share of bliss.

'Tis true our sky hath had its clouds,  
Our spring its stormy hours,  
When we have mourned, as all must mourn,  
O'er blighted buds and flowers ;

And true, our bark hath sometimes near'd  
Despair's most desert shore,  
When gloomy look'd the waves around,  
And dark the land before !  
But Love was ever at the helm—  
He could not go amiss,  
So long as two fond spirits sang  
“ We've had our share of bliss.”

These holy watchwords of the Past  
Shall be the Future's stay,  
For by their magic aid we'll keep  
A host of ills at bay.  
Our happy hearts, like tireless bees,  
Have revell'd 'mid the flowers,  
And hiv'd a store of summer sweets  
To cheer life's wintry hours.  
While Memory lives, and Love remains,  
We'll ask no more than this ;  
But ever sing, in grateful strains,  
“ We've had our share of bliss.”



## A PORTRAIT.

HER brow had the transparent hue  
Of marble 'neath the moonbeam's glow,  
And the blue veins peep'd softly through,  
Like violets from the snow.  
Now o'er that brow a beam would stray,  
And now a cloud arise,  
As light and shade alternate play  
O'er changeful April skies.

Her eyes were dreamlike, soft and bright ;  
Their color none might tell,  
For now they danced in rapture's light,  
And now 'neath sorrow's spell  
They droop'd ; but whether mirth  
Or sadness slumbered there,  
No other eyes in the wide earth  
Could boast of charms so rare.

Her voice, like a melodious lute,  
Echoed in music 'round,  
And tuned to measure grave or glad,  
Still woke harmonious sound ;

We thought while rose its song of glee  
We could not love it more,  
Yet when it thrilled to sorrow's key,  
'Twas dearer than before.

Her smile ! how shall I seek to paint  
A thing so wond'rous bright ?  
As well might painter's hand attempt  
To sketch the rainbow's light.  
A sudden splendor, like the rays  
From morning's rising sun ;  
A beam that deck'd in dazzling hues  
The face o'er which it shone.

But, ah ! that smile would pass away  
As quickly as it came,  
For tears in embryo ever lay  
To dim the eye's sweet flame.  
As lightest clouds veil Heaven's beam,  
So would a trivial thing,  
A word, a look, a thought, a dream,  
The sudden shadow bring.

She ne'er could see the face of wo,  
Or list the voice of pain,



But sympathetic tears would flow,  
Free as the summer rain ;  
And careless words from lips she loved,  
Or frowns on foreheads dear,  
Would move her soul as seas are moved  
By the wild wind's career.

And thus her heart was like her face,  
As changeful and as fair—  
Now pleasure's sunny dwelling-place,  
Now sorrow's gloomy lair ;  
But ever good, and pure, and true,  
It was in storm or shine,  
Till of her wayward moods, we knew  
Not which was most divine ;

For, in them all, her soul was like  
A pure and placid stream,  
That mirrors in its faithful wave  
Alike the cloud and beam ;  
And whether radiance smiling fair,  
Or shadowy gloom was given,  
Each varying hue reflected there  
Was still the hue of Heaven.

## GENIUS.

THERE is a lonely, little, Alpine flower,  
Which blooms on rugged rocks, or mountain high ;  
It never feels the summer sun or shower ;  
It never sees the smiling summer sky.

The icy breath of winter round it blows,  
And frowning tempests gather o'er its head ;  
Yet, still, as fair and beautiful it grows,  
As cultured tenant of a garden bed.

Like that lone flow'ret, Genius oft is found  
In some bleak spot, where all is cold and drear ;  
Where no congenial influence smiles around,  
And no warm ray of Hope is lent to cheer ;  
Where the keen breath of Slander sheds its blight,  
And where Misfortune's tempests rudely come ;

Where Envy, Pain and Penury unite  
To crush the bud—there Genius finds a  
home.

And there it lives, despite the clouds and storms,  
Which, darkening round it, threaten to de-  
stroy,  
And blooms more brightly than the favored  
plants  
Rear'd on the sunny plains of Peace and Joy.



### AMERICAN LIBERTY.

BORN in a night of danger—when the cloud  
Of dark Oppression gather'd o'er the land ;  
When War's fierce thunders echoed far and  
loud,  
And Death's red fires leaped forth on every  
hand.

Cradled in wild alarm—when Freedom's foe  
Still sought to cast its fetters o'er the brave ;

When Glory's deeds but gained the meed of wo,  
And Valor's self seemed powerless to save.

Nurtur'd in sorrow—when the bitter tear  
Of wrong and suffering dimm'd a Nation's  
eye ;

When still the frown of Tyranny was near ;  
And still men struggled on to “do or die.”

But reared in Hope, in Happiness and Light,  
And cherished with a Nation's fondest care,  
The precious germ, no adverse storms could  
blight,  
Now glows in loveliness, surpassing fair.

Glory illumines it, like the beam of day ;  
Prosperity and Peace around it shine ;  
Man's dearest blessings blossom in its ray,  
And life is hallowed by its power divine.

Millions revere the hour that gave it birth ;  
The world's applauding voice is freely given ;  
Fame calls it “fairest ornament of Earth,”  
And Wisdom names it “favorite child of  
Heaven.”

## THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

THERE is a viewless spirit in the air,  
Whose presence thrills us like a magic spell,  
Whose breath is pure as flow'rets fresh and fair,  
Whose voice is sweet as music's gentlest  
swell.

HIGH power o'er Nature hath this unseen sprite,  
As free she roams o'er mountain, vale and  
stream ;  
She decks them all in charms that wake de-  
light,  
And bids the earth in primal beauty beam.

LIKE a victorious chieftain, marching on,  
'Mid songs and plaudits of his soldier-band,  
And winning words of praise from every tongue,  
So moves fair Spring in triumph through the  
land.

HER followers are a train of buds and flowers,  
That wake to life where'er her footsteps fall ;

Her minstrels are the birds from southern  
    bowers,  
Who tune their notes obedient to her call.

Her plumes are verdant boughs of waving trees,  
    That nod and sport in every zephyr's sigh ;  
Her banner is the sunlight floating free—  
    Her canopy the blue and boundless sky.

Where'er she moves, a magic change is seen—  
    Dark clouds and mists give place to smiling  
        skies ;  
And barren hills put on a robe of green,  
    And deck their brows with flowers of rain-  
        bow dyes.

But not o'er Nature's works alone the Spring  
    Exerts the might of her mysterious powers ;  
For Nature's children she doth kindly bring  
    A charm that soothes and cheers life's weary  
        hours.

Man feels the genial influence, and his heart  
    Leaps to the rapid measure of delight ;

Each languid pulse to "healthful music" starts,  
And gayly bounds like waves in sunbeams  
bright.

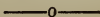
The youth leads forth the maiden of his choice,  
And as beneath the smiling heaven they rove  
Their fond emotions find a fitting voice  
To bless the Power that wakes their souls  
to love.

And frolic childhood, with a shout of glee,  
Hails the balm-breathing spirit of the air,  
And bounds away through wild woods fast and  
free,  
To hunt the birds or gather violets fair.

E'en the poor wretch whose soul is stain'd with  
crime,  
Whose steps have wander'd long and far  
astray,  
Feels the ennobling influence of the time,  
And breathes a wish to turn to virtue's way.

As genial sunbeams pierce earth's frozen breast,  
And warm the seed, and wake it into flower ;

So does the glance of Spring, on mission blest,  
Steal to the spirit with a holy power.



## THE STORMY PETREL.

“Flocks of these birds are seen at almost all seasons of the year, roaming fearless and tireless over the wide waste of the Atlantic Ocean. Many mariners believe them to be the heralds of an approaching storm, (hence their name,) and the more superstitious class of seamen deem them spirits of the departed, undergoing a sort of penance for their sins.”

WHENCE come ye, mystic pilgrims of the deep?

What are ye seeking on the billowy wave?

Why thus so long your weary wanderings keep,

And thus so oft these ocean perils brave?

Are there not waving trees, and blooming  
flowers,

And pleasant valleys on the far-off shore?

Where ye might fold your wings 'neath shel-  
tering bowers,

And rest secure while storms could harm no  
more?



The countless warblers of the lowly vale—  
The wild-winged songsters of the mountain  
rock,

Fly to their homes when warring winds assail,  
Nor seek to dare the tempest's fearful  
shock ;

But ye, lone dwellers by the sounding sea,  
Heed not the cloud, nor fly the whirlwind's  
might ;

Ye skim the deep as fearless and as free  
When the storm howls, as when the wave  
is bright.

Why are ye thus ? Conjecture roams abroad  
To learn the secret of your mystic way,  
And Wonder questions of your strange abode,  
And busy Fancy asks why thus ye stray.

Are ye indeed the heralds of the gale,  
Thus kindly sent to hover o'er the deck,  
Warning the mariner to furl his sail,  
And timely "guard his goodly ship from  
wreck ?"

Or are ye troubled souls of erring men.

Whose lives on earth were mark'd by many  
a crime ;

Doom'd in sad penance, onward still to roam

With flight-unresting as the march of time ?

Perchance ye're spirits of the far-off dead,

Whose forms were laid in green and quiet  
graves,

Seeking the loved and lost, whose latest bed

Was made beneath the darkly heaving  
waves.

Fancy loves well to deem that such ye are ;

For who that hath a friend 'neath ocean's  
breast,

Would not, in spirit pray to hover there,

And watch above the lost one's place of  
rest ?

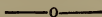
'Tis not an idle thought—if mortal love

Outlives the fleeting term of mortal life,

Would it not linger, ere it soared above,

And seek its object e'en 'mid tempest's  
strife ?

Whate'er ye are, wild wanderers of the deep,  
There is a lesson in your bold career,  
Teaching the soul its changeless course to keep  
'Mid all the storms that darken round it here.



## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

WHEN twilight darkens o'er the face of day,  
And evening draws her shadowy curtain  
round,  
How like the infant wearied with its play,  
Nature lies slumbering in repose profound ;  
And the bright stars their tireless vigils keep,  
Like a fond mother watching childhood's sleep.  
As the sweet calm that comes when winds de-  
part,  
To smoothe the angry waves on ocean's  
breast,  
Night's holy silence steals around the heart,  
And lulls its stormy passions all to rest ;  
Wild joys and feverish hopes no more control,  
Memory, alone, holds empire o'er the soul.

Then rise the shadowy ghosts of vanished  
hours,

And whisper to us like the sweet south air,  
That comes in spring-time, breathing of the  
flowers

It left in blooming loveliness afar !  
They tell soft tales of friendship pure and true,  
And love, that wore no stain of earthly hue.

Then shades of long departed joys arise,  
And phantom forms of buried hopes appear,  
Breathing, once more, the tuneful melodies  
That fell so sweetly on youth's raptured ear ;  
Slowly they come—a dim and shadowy train,  
Bringing the heart, its dreams of bliss again.

Ay, night is lovely ! When the sun departs,  
And earth is robed in mourning for his  
beams ;

He sinks not in the wave, but other hearts  
Glow in the radiance of his golden beams—  
Thus, when Hope's day-beams fade and dis-  
appear,  
They leave a lingering ray to brighten mem'-  
ry's sphere

## SUMMER.

THOU art a fairy sovereign of the heart  
Bright eyed and beauteous Summer ! Poets sing  
The glories of the Spring-time, and awake  
Their tuneful harps in praise of Autumn too ;  
Even the sterner beauties Winter owns  
Claims from the bard a tribute of applause ;  
But never wakes he such melodious strains  
As when he sings of thee, and of thy charms,  
Queen of the rolling year !

A prouder name

Might well be thine—"enchantress of the  
earth"—

For thou hast power which, like magician's  
spell,

Transforms unsightly scenes or cheerless views,  
To visions of delight. No lonesome glen  
But brightens into beauty 'neath thy smile ;  
No landscape, wild or rude, but wins from thee  
Some sweet and graceful charm. The homes  
of man,

If reared amid the haunts of Nature, wear  
An Eden aspect in thy balmy days :  
The stately palace, 'mid its "grand old trees,"  
Looks lovely and serene ; the peasant's cot  
Half hid amid a wilderness of flowers,  
Apes its more lordly neighbor, and appears  
A lovely palace too.

Even amid

The crowded dwellings of the busy town  
Sweet Summer works her wond'rous changes.

There

The rich man's home is fragrant with the breath  
Of many flowers ; his casements draped by  
vines,

Whose clustering blossoms shut out every sight  
Unwelcome to the eye, and waken thoughts  
Of fresh green fields, and pleasant sylvan  
shades.

The laborer's lowly home is also deck'd  
With floral treasures. In the narrow yard,  
And on each humble window sill, appear  
A few well loved and fondly nurtur'd flowers ;  
Through the long day these wear a sickly hue,  
And droop beneath the hot and dusty air,

But when the gentle dewes of evening fall  
They lift their languid heads, and breathe a sigh  
Whose sweetness cheers the weary son of toil,  
And bears his dreaming soul to peaceful scenes.

I bless thee, gentle Summer. Every heart  
Will echo back to mine the grateful strain  
And bless the power that bringeth good to all.  
The joyful hail thee with a deeper joy,  
And plan some new delight for all thy days.  
The sorrow-stricken bare their throbbing brows  
To thy sweet breath, until it steals away  
The bitterness of grief. The child of want  
Is gay when thou art here, for then he needs  
No costly fuel and no warmer garb  
Than his own scant attire—rich too he is,  
So long as bounteous Nature scatters round  
Her blushing fruits, in such a full supply,  
That e'en the beggar may obtain a share.

While earth can boast, through every passing  
year,

A guest like thee, dear Summer, man may feel  
That Eden's joys, and Eden's holy charms,  
Have not *all* vanish'd from his lowly home.

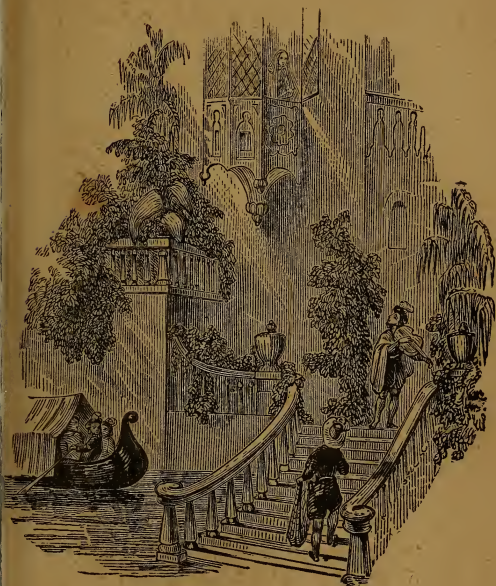
## THE ROVER'S SERENADE.

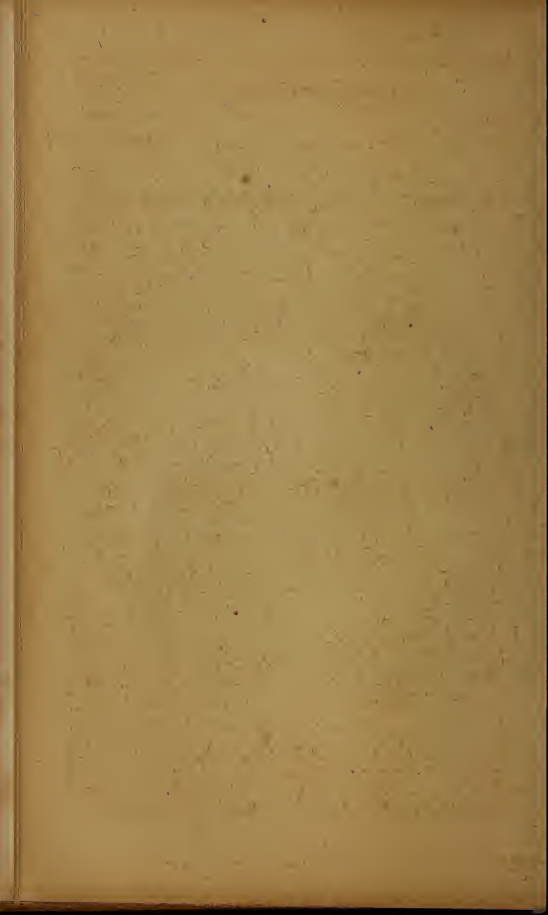
WAKE, wake, fairest maiden, and hasten with  
me,  
O'er the sparkling wave of the star-lighted sea.  
The zèphyrus will waft our fleet bark, ere the  
day,  
To a spot far more lovely, and scenes far more  
gay.

I have made thee a home on a beautiful isle,  
Where the sunbeams first fall, and the moon-  
beams last smile ;  
Where fragrance is borne on the wind's airy  
wing,  
And bids their sweet melodies tunefully sing.

I have planted around it the vines ye love best ;  
With thy favorite flowers its garden I've  
dress'd :  
I have deck'd it with spoils from the land and  
the sea,  
And made it a home that is worthy of thee.







I have stolen the gems from the mermaid's  
cave,

And the beautiful coral she hides in the wave :  
I have been 'neath the darkest and stormiest  
tide,

To gather the fairest of pearls for my bride.

Then come, dearest maiden, haste, haste o'er  
the deep,

While the waves are all hush'd, and the winds  
are asleep ;

While the storm-spirit rests in his cloud-cov-  
ered car,

And the voice of the tempest is from us afar.

Haste ! haste ! for my comrades, true-hearted  
and brave,

Give the signal that calls me again o'er the  
wave :

My fleet bark is ready : ere morning shall smile,  
We will anchor it safe, near thy flower-clad  
isle.



## THE DEPARTED SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

I WEAR no sables on my form, no cypress on  
my brow ;

And yet the mourner's gloomy garb would  
well befit me now ;

For darkly o'er my musing heart the pall of  
grief is spread,

And like a weeper at a tomb, I mourn a spir-  
it fled :

A spirit radiant and pure, a spirit of delight,  
That made, for me, earth's rudest scene a  
realm of beauty bright.

That vanish'd spirit never wore a form of mor-  
tal mould,

My soul but *felt* the lovely power my eyes  
could ne'er behold.

But what fond spells, what magic charms that  
spirit cast around,

Making all life one dream of bliss, all earth  
enchanted ground.

That glorious spirit was my youth, which now,  
    alas, is o'er !  
And the glad power that always bless'd, can  
    bless me never more

I strove while in life's busy scenes amid the  
    grave and gay,  
To think the freshness of the soul had not all  
    pass'd away ;  
I vainly deem'd these holy scenes with their  
    ennobling power,  
Would wake the rapturous glow of thought  
    they woke in youth's sweet hour.

I knew my eye had lost its light, my cheek its  
    roseate hue,  
But would not, *could* not deem the flowers of  
    mind had faded too.  
I knew the temple of the soul was worn by  
    time and care,  
But hoped the glorious light within was still  
    undimm'd and fair.

It is not so ! Life's many storms have touched  
the " spark divine,"  
And now 'tis like a lone, sad ray within a  
ruin'd shrine,  
Revealing still some holy things, some relics  
pure and bright,  
But showing more the saddening power of ruin  
and of blight.

There is a change, a mournful change on every  
thing I see,  
And even these fair prospects wear a sable  
hue to me.  
I miss the glory of the morn, the beauty of the eve  
That once awoke such thrilling joy, and can-  
not choose but grieve.

Yet even now, while o'er the tomb of buried  
youth I bend,  
Harmonious tones of melody with sorrow's  
murmurs blend ;  
I seem to hear an angel voice telling of climes  
more fair,  
And whispering low these welcome words,  
" Youth is eternal there."

## THE PAST.

WHY are departed days so strangely bright ?  
Why are they clad in hues so passing fair ?  
The Present smiles—the Future beams in light,  
Yet not the glories of the Past they wear.  
The melody of birds, the breath of flowers,  
The life, and light, and loveliness of spring,  
Can never more, as in life's earlier hours,  
The full, unmeasured tide of rapture bring.  
O'er vanish'd years the rays of memory cast  
A light, like moonbeams on a tranquil stream,  
Softening the harsher features of the Past,  
Bidding its lovelier ones more brightly gleam,  
Till sight or sound that tells of moments gone,  
Stirs the heart's depths as doth a trumpet-tone !



## COLERIDGE.

MINSTREL, thy lay had ever magic power,  
Like the sweet notes of some wild wizard strain,  
My soul with wandering rapture to enchain :  
I've bent above thy page at morning hour,  
At summer noon-tide in the shaded bower ;  
I've conn'd it oft by twilight's lingering beam,  
By the lone midnight taper's paler gleam,  
And still it charm'd with every changing hour.  
And oft the beings of thy mighty mind  
Around me, as in life, do seem to dwell,  
And in their sweet companionship I find  
A potent charm—a high and holy spell  
That, from the cold, the real and unlovely here,  
Bears me to visioned scenes of beauty, deeply  
    dear.





## BOOKS.

THEY are the heritage that glorious minds  
Bequeath unto the world!—a glittering store  
Of gems, more precious far, than those he finds  
Who searches miser's hidden treasures o'er.

They are the light, the guiding star of youth,  
Leading his spirit to the realms of Thought,  
Pointing the way to Virtue, Knowledge, Truth,  
And teaching lessons, with deep wisdom  
fraught.

They cast strange beauty round our earthly  
dreams,

And mystic brightness o'er our daily lot;

They lead the soul afar to fairy scenes

Where the world's ruder visions enter not:

They're deathless and immortal—ages pass  
away,

Yet still they speak, instruct, inspire, amidst  
decay!

## SOLITUDE.

CALL ye it solitude to dwell apart  
From the world's busy crowd? It is not so;  
The fairy realm, the kingdom of the heart,  
Is thronged with lovelier shapes than those  
that glow

With youth and beauty in the festive hall.  
Whene'er from Pleasure's gilded courts I roam  
To some secluded spot—at Fancy's call,  
A host of fairy beings round me come,  
Bringing sweet memories of youth's golden  
prime,

Of Hope's *first* promise, and Love's earliest  
dream,

And all the flowers of life's fair summer time,  
Till my lone thoughts with brighter beauty  
beam,

And my rapt spirit holds—though none are  
near—

A mystic converse and communion dear.

## AN INDIAN MOTHER'S LOVE.

OS-HE-OAU-MAI, the wife of Little Wolf, one of the Iowa Indians, died while in Paris, of an affection of the lungs, brought on by grief for the death of her young child in London. Her husband was unremitting in his endeavors to console her, and restore her to the love of life, but she constantly replied—"No ! no ! my four children recall me. I see them by the side of the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them."

No ! no ! I must depart  
From all earth's pleasant scenes, for they but  
wake  
Those thrilling memories of the lost which  
shake  
The life sands from my heart.

Why do ye bid me stay ?  
Should the rose linger when the young buds  
die,  
Or the tree flourish when the branches lie,  
Stricken by sad decay ?

Doth not the parent dove,  
When her young nurslings leave their lowly  
home,  
And soar on joyous wings to heaven's blue dome,  
Fly the deserted grove ?

Why then should I remain ?  
Have I not seen *my* sweet-voiced warblers soar  
So far away, that Love's fond wiles no more  
May lure them back again ?

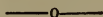
They cannot come to me ;  
But I may go to them—and as the flower  
Awaits the dewy eve, I wait the hour  
That sets my spirit free.

Hark ! heard ye not a sound  
Sweeter than wild-bird's note or minstrel's lay ?  
I know that music well, for night and day  
I hear it echoing round.

It is the tuneful chime  
Of spirit voices !—'tis my infant band  
Calling the mourner from this darkened land  
To joy's unclouded clime.

My beautiful, my blest !  
I see them there, by the Great Spirit's throne ;  
With winning words and fond beseeching tone  
They woo me to my rest.

They chide my long delay,  
And wonder that I linger from their home ;  
They stretch their loving arms to bid me come ;  
*Now* would ye have me stay ?



## ODE FOR THE 4TH OF JULY.

An anthem of glory, a soul-stirring strain,  
Afar over mountain and valley is pealing :  
Now it swells on the breeze, now it floats o'er  
the main—

A nation's proud story of triumph revealing.  
      'Tis the freeman's glad lay,  
      And it welcomes the day  
When his country first cast her dark fetters  
away ;  
Oh ! long may its music an amulet be  
To gladden the homes and the hearts of the free.

In the tempest of warfare our fathers arose,  
And fearless they stood when the thunders  
    burst o'er them,  
They braved the dark storm, but they sunk to  
    repose,  
With the sunbeams of liberty smiling before  
    them.

        Thus our Country was won,  
        And her glory begun,  
For valor inspired every true-hearted son.  
Their life blood was poured on the germ of the  
    tree,  
Whose beauty now brightens the home of the  
    free.

Those heroes still live on the tablet of fame,  
Their deeds are enshrined in the temple of glory;  
A nation shall hallow each patriot name,  
And the children of freemen repeat the glad  
    story.

        As years roll away,  
        Still this festival day  
Shall claim the proud theme for a soul-stirring  
    lay.

And that record of triumph forever shall be  
Embalm'd in the hearts of the brave and the  
free.



## THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

I've seen a bird careering to the skies,  
With joyous pinion and exulting song ;  
I've seen a cloud, when tipp'd by sunset dyes,  
In most resplendent beauty float along ;

I've seen the morn look forth as pure and fair  
As if 'twere heaven's own smile illum'd the  
earth ;

I've seen a flower unfolding in the air,  
Lovely as 'twere an angel sprung to birth.

And these fair sights awaken'd in my heart  
So deep a sense of joy, that day by day,  
I deem'd no earthly thing could e'er impart  
A purer bliss, a holier joy than they.

But I have learn'd new lessons of delight,  
My blue-eyed babe, from thee ; and now I  
know

That nought in earth or air, however bright,  
Can half such rapture as thyself bestow.

Thy voice, to me, is sweeter than the notes  
Of tuneful birds—thy form more graceful far,  
Than the last lingering sunset cloud that floats  
In gentle beauty near the evening star.

Thy smile is brighter than the glance of day,  
When day breaks fairest in the eastern skies ;  
Thy features lovelier, in their changeful play,  
Than summer flowers with all their brilliant dyes.

I've heard of angel visitors ; and knew  
That such things were—for oft, in dreaming hours  
I've commun'd with bright beings, brought to view  
By heaven-born Thought's sublime and subtle powers.



And from these airy beings I have learn'd  
Full many a lofty lesson ;—they have led  
My soul to noble things, until it burn'd  
To win the light from Virtue's halo shed.

But angel visitors, that only came  
In dreaming moods—too “few and far be-  
tween”

Their visits were, to shed a constant flame  
Of cheerfulness upon life's varied scene.

But now, my blue-eyed child ! I find in thee  
An angel visitant, as pure and bright  
And beautiful, as my rapt soul could see  
In its most wildering visions of delight.

And thou art always here—I do not miss  
Thy smile when other dream-like joys de-  
cay ;  
Thy constant presence makes my constant  
bliss,  
And sheds a charm around life's daily way.

And thou dost learn me lofty lessons too,  
As pure as those that guardian angels give ;

And prompt my erring nature to subdue  
All that might teach *thee* in the wrong to  
live.

Thy innocence is like a magic spell  
To shield my soul from sin—thy untaught  
mind  
Instructs my own 'mid holy thoughts to dwell,  
That I, for *thee*, the “pearl of truth” may  
find.



## LOST TREASURES.

WHAT is that wealth, of priceless worth,  
Most idly cast away ;  
Most deeply veiled from the sons of earth,  
And lost to the light of day ?

Is it the pearl that slumbers deep  
Beneath the stormy wave ?  
Or the coral wreaths which deck the steep  
That frowns o'er Ocean's cave ?

Is it the precious gem that gleams  
Far down in the mountain's womb?  
Or the yellow ore, whose golden beams  
Are hid in the mine's dark tomb?

Is it the wasted fruits and flowers  
Of lone, unpeopled isles?  
Or the teeming lands of unknown bowers,  
Where mortal never smiles?

Ah! no, such treasures are not lost,  
But for a time conceal'd;  
And, in its own good season, each  
And all may be reveal'd.

The diver, from its ocean home,  
The precious pearl may gain;  
The miner, from its murky tomb,  
The glittering ore obtain.

Some wandering voyager may taste  
The fruits of lonely isles;  
And future woodmen till the waste  
Until it blooms and smiles.

There are lost treasures, richer far  
Than all this varied store,  
Which, like the light of fallen stars,  
Can gladden earth no more.

These are the treasures of the mind—  
The majesty and power  
Within the human heart enshrin'd,  
Like perfume in the flower.

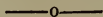
If these be idly cast away  
On worthless things, or vain ;  
No efforts of an after day  
Can win them back again.

Some lofty dreams ; some thoughts sublime ;  
Some attributes that give  
Assurance of its source divine,  
In every spirit live.

And these to noble aims applied,  
To noble ends would lead ;  
And win the soul a place of pride,  
And make it great indeed.

But, ah ! how oft these glorious powers  
Are vainly, madly used !  
Allowed to slumber through life's hours,  
Or wasted, or abused.

These are the buried pearls and gems  
No toil can e'er restore ;  
These are " lost treasures," lost to man  
And earth forevermore.



## SONG.

THE dream of existence is blissful and bright  
In the radiant morning of youth,  
When Hope has no cloud to o'ershadow her  
light,  
And Friendship is hallowed by truth ;  
When Love is all pure as a calm summer  
stream,  
That slumbering 'mid flowers, doth lie  
Reflecting the brightness of Heaven's own  
beam,  
And wearing the tinge of the sky.

How changed is the vision when Time hur-  
ries on,

And brings the decline of Life's day ;

Then the sunbeam's from Hope's fairy land-  
scape are gone ;

Then Friendship has faded away.

And then like a stream which the wind-spirit  
wakes

Is the once holy fountain of Love ;

Then its troubled and wandering wave only  
takes

The hue of the storm-cloud above.

'Tis well ; since we're speeding away to the  
tomb,

That youth's fairy pleasures should flee,

For should they retain all their earlier bloom,

Too dear to the heart they would be ;

And 'tis well, since the soul's lasting home is  
not here,

That the love of its spring-time should die ;

For could it still cherish an Eden so dear,

'Twould forget for its heaven to sigh.

## THE BEACON.

THE island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the isle of Skye and the mainland of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of the coast. At the extremity of this dreary solitude is the residence of a poor widow, whose lonely cottage is called the "light house," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her window at night. During the silent and solitary watches of the night, she may be seen trimming her little lamp, being fearful that some misguided and frail bark may perish through her neglect; and for this she receives no manner of remuneration—it is pure, unmingled philanthropy.

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

THERE's a lonely isle, on whose rocky shore  
The wild waves break, for evermore,  
With a sullen sound, like the thunder's roar.

There restless winds strange revels keep,  
Wandering and wailing o'er the deep,  
Like troubled souls that cannot sleep.

With watchful care, by night or day,  
In winter stern or summer gay,  
The mariner shuns that coast alway.

For tho' the skies are bright and fair,  
Tho' calm and safety smile elsewhere,  
Yet danger ever threatens there.

On the wildest part of that wild spot—  
Where other human home is not—  
Dwells a woman lone, in a humble cot.

She has no friend or kindred near ;  
No pleasant sight or sound to cheer—  
Why lingers she in home so drear ?

The twilight shades are gathering round ;  
More dismal grows the night wind's sound,  
More fierce the wild wave beats the ground.

Yet that lone dweller by the shore  
Fears not the darkness gathering o'er,  
Nor the vex'd billow's angry roar.

Her heart is blameless, good and pure ;  
Her soul, in its own light secure,  
Can well the outward gloom endure.



From her lone casement beams a ray  
That cheereth, till the dawn of day,  
The wanderer on his trackless way.

Thro' the long watches of the night,  
Like vestal guarding sacred light,  
She trims that lamp, and keeps it bright.

Oft, when the tempests wildly rave,  
She prays her beacon-flame may save  
Some voyager from a dismal grave.

The Mighty Watcher hears her prayer,  
And many a storm-tossed bark doth spare  
To recompense her pious care.

And thus, the varying season thro',  
Patient and tireless, firm and true,  
Her noble task will she pursue.

She never hopes reward to claim ;  
She never looks for praise or fame :  
Her only wish, her only aim

The welfare of her kind ! If e'er  
Earth boast a deed to heaven most dear,  
It is recorded here.

The warrior, in his country's need,  
May boldly fight, and bravely bleed,  
And die—but glory is his meed !

The statesman, when he toils by day,  
Or wears, in thought, the night away,  
Wins fame or fortune for his pay.

All who enact the martyr's part  
Hide ever, in their secret heart,  
Some hope that well may strength impart.

But here, a gentle one we see,  
Whose lonely life proclaims that she  
From every selfish hope is free,

Doing a deed so good and great  
That angels, in their holy state,  
Might joyfully the tale relate.

Oh ! may an act so like divine,  
Bright in the world's best annals shine,  
And live while rolling years decline.

May it, for many a future day,  
Beam, like her own pure beacon ray,  
And guide the soul to virtue's way.

## DIRGE FOR A DEPARTING RACE.

AMID the cheerful sounds that float  
    Around our pleasant homes,  
An under-tone of sorrow's note,  
    In mournful music comes.

It lingers round each lofty mount,  
    And o'er each verdant vale,  
Breathes soft in every murmuring fount,  
    And sighs in every gale.

Louder, within our forest shades,  
    And o'er our boundless lakes,  
'Mid rushing winds and roaming floods,  
    The mournful cadence wakes.

Grand, high, and wild, the notes become  
    In Nature's solitudes ;  
Where Art hath yet not found a home,  
    And Science ne'er intrudes.

'Tis Nature mourns!—with tearful eye,  
Like weepers at a tomb,  
She sees her favorite children fly,  
And wails their wretched doom.

She sorrows o'er the Red Man's fate,  
As, with a heavy heart,  
Depress'd, dishonor'd, desolate,  
He turns him to depart !

His valiant father's hallow'd tomb,  
His children's birth-place, too,  
His own wild sports and pleasant home,  
He bids them all adieu.

Sad, exiled remnant of a race  
Once happy, free and brave—  
From all his boundless heritage,  
He only asks a grave !

Behind him lies—forever lost—  
The scenes forever dear ;  
And yet, such farewell doth not cost  
His stoic soul a tear.

Before him lies his weary way  
On toward the setting sun :  
His home is left—his hope is lost—  
His pilgrimage begun.

Mourn, Nature !—aye, with ceaseless wail,  
Mourn for thy hapless child ;  
A requiem give in every gale,  
A tomb in every wild.

Let all thy lovely scenes around,  
His tragic history tell ;  
And all thy varied, changing sounds  
His funeral anthem swell.



## HYMN TO THE DEITY.

THOU Giver of all earthly good ;  
Thou wonder-working Power,  
Whose spirit smiles in every star,  
And breathes in every flower ;  
How gratefully we speak thy name !  
How gladly own thy sway !  
How thrillingly thy presence feel,  
When 'mid thy works we stray ?

We may forget thee for a time,  
In scenes with tumult rife,  
Where worldly cares or pleasures claim  
Too large a share of life ;  
But not in Nature's sweet domain,  
Where every thing we see,  
From loftiest mount to lowliest flower,  
Is eloquent of Thee.

Where waves lift up their tuneful voice,  
And solemn anthems chime ;  
Where winds through echoing forests peal  
Their melodies sublime ;

Where e'en insensate objects breathe  
Devotion's grateful lays,  
Man cannot choose but join the choir  
That hymns his Maker's praise.

Beneath the city's gilded domes,  
In temples decked with care,  
Where Art and Splendor vie to make  
Thine earthly mansions fair ;  
Our forms may lowly bend, our lips  
May breathe a formal lay,  
The whilst our wayward hearts refuse  
These holy rites to pay.

But in that grander temple, rear'd  
By thine Almighty hand,  
Where glorious beauty bids the mind's  
Diviner powers expand ;  
Our thoughts, like grateful vassals, give  
A homage glad and free ;  
Our souls in adoration bow,  
And mutely reverence Thee.



## THE 'THREE HOMES.

I HAD a home beside a gentle river  
Which flowed in murmuring music to the sea ;  
Bright beauty deck'd that early home, and ever  
Peace shed her rosy smiles o'er that and me.  
There Hope and Joy and fond Affection's  
glances  
Made, for my heart, the sunlight of its spring ;  
There wild romance, and visionary trances  
Around my soul did spells of witchery fling.

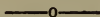
I *have* a home where lovely flowers are flinging  
Their balmy breath on every passing breeze ;  
Where the wild warblers of the wood are  
singing  
Their tuneful songs, amid green waving trees.  
Here Love's fond smiles are o'er my pathway  
beaming—  
The guiding stars of Life's more stormy way ;  
They wake my spirit yet to heavenly dreaming,  
And half restore the bliss of youth's sweet  
day.



There is a home 'mid busy pomp and pleasure,  
Luring me now to scenes and joys afar—  
Can the heart there preserve its tuneful measure,  
sure,

Or will the world's rude touch its music mar?  
Fain would I know—but doubt and dread have  
shrouded

The coming days in misty garb of gloom :  
The Past was fair, the Present is unclouded ;  
Oh ! may the Future wear their radiant  
bloom.



## YOUTH.

YOUTH is the time for hope ;  
Then her sweet smile is ours,  
And then she decks life's thorny path  
With brightly blooming flowers ;  
Then the fair Syren sings of endless bliss,  
And points afar to happier worlds than this.

Youth is the time for dreams,  
The blissful and the bright,

When radiant thoughts around us beam  
And sport in fancy's light ;  
When shapes of heavenly mould arise  
And whisper legends of the skies.

Youth is the time for love :  
'Tis then its magic spell  
Is cast around the captive heart  
That loves the fetters well ;  
Then rapturous feelings in the soul have birth,  
And give the hue of Paradise to Earth.

Youth is the time for joy ;  
Then her fair smiling ray  
Lends its own brilliance to the world,  
And makes it bright and gay ;  
She paints all things with pencil dipp'd in light,  
And life appears a garden of delight.



## STANZAS.

WHEN the roses of summer have lost their  
perfume,

And the cold breath of Autumn has stolen  
their bloom,

Oh ! mourn not their fate ; for when Spring  
comes once more,

They will blossom as lovely and fair as before.

But when Hope's bright and beautiful flowers  
decay,

And the frost of Despair steals their fragrance  
away ;

When *they* are all withered—then, then, ye  
may mourn ;

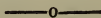
For their bloom and their beauty will never  
return.

When the day-god departs with his glorious  
light,

And the world hides her charms in the mantle  
of night,

Oh ! let not the gloom and the darkness give  
pain ;  
For the sun will return when the morn comes  
again.

But when the bright sun-beams of rapture de-  
part,  
And the gloom of despondency steals o'er the  
heart,  
Bewail ye *that* gloom ; for the sun-light will  
never  
Come back to the heart—it has vanished for  
ever !



## SONG.

'Tis oft-times said Love's magic dream  
Is dearest in life's early hours,  
When earth is lit by Rapture's beam,  
And Time speeds on o'er thornless flowers.

Believe it not—those happy years  
May prove that dream all fond and true ;

But darker days, of clouds and tears,  
Will robe it in a *heavenly* hue.

Oh ! none save hearts long tried in wo  
Can feel Affection's power sublime ;  
And none but those can truly know  
How hallowed 'tis by change and time.

'Tis sweet a loved one's smiles to share  
In the gay season of delight ;  
But sweeter far to soothe their care,  
And weep with them thro' sorrow's night.

Love's *early* dream is like a flower  
Of balmiest breath, and brightest hue,  
Blooming in summer's radiant hour,  
And gemm'd with morning's pearly dew.

But that sweet dream, in later days,  
Is like the holy star of even,  
Which points, with pure and perfect rays,  
To joys which have their source in Heaven.



## THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE.

"There is but one place in the world.  
Thither where he lies buried !  
That single spot is the whole earth to me."

COLERIDGE'S *WALLENSTEIN*.

IN fairer, lovelier scenes, oh ! deem ye not  
That the deep anguish of my soul would  
cease,  
Nor hope in Earth's most bright and cheering  
spot,  
My aching heart could taste a moment's  
peace.  
Know ye, alas ! that yonder church-yard's  
shade  
Is *all* my world—there my beloved is laid.  
Thither I haste—call it not place of death ;  
It is the only spot of life to me :  
There only can I draw the vital breath ;  
And there my dwelling ever more shall be :  
On the cold sod that shrouds my loved one's clay,  
I'll watch and weep my weary life away.

Morn's rosy smile, and noontide's brighter ray,  
Evening's sweet hour of beauty, calmly fair,  
E'en the dark midnight, when pale shadows  
stray,

Will come and pass, and still I shall be there ;  
Still will I seek no home, no place of rest,  
But the damp earth that shrouds my lov'd  
one's breast.

I shall not watch alone, nor lonely weep ;  
For Nature's ministers will mourn with me ;  
Pale stars a kind and pitying watch will keep,  
And in the night-wind's tone a wail there'll  
be ;

E'en the sweet flowers that wave above his head  
Will sigh in mournful sadness round his bed.

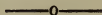
His spirit too, oh ! thought most deeply dear,  
Will leave its starry world of bliss, and come  
To whisper words of comfort in mine ear,  
And tell me tales of his bright, heavenly  
home.

'Twere vain for even Death's all-conquering  
powers

To sever souls so firmly link'd as ours.

Then tell me not of scenes where bliss has birth,  
Where Nature smiles, in loveliest charms  
arrayed ;

I know but one, one single spot of earth  
In the wide world—'tis where his form is laid ;  
That spot shall be my dwelling till I die,  
And e'en in death, there by his side I'll lie.



### THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

ON a lone battle-field, where a warrior was  
sleeping,  
Unconscious of all that was passing around,  
The wife of his bosom in anguish lay weeping ;  
Her roof the broad sky, and her bed the cold  
ground.

Dark clouds lowered above her ; the heavens  
were scowling ;  
Fast beat the rude storm on the spot where  
she lay ;



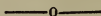
And loudly the wild forest-dwellers were  
howling,  
As they snuffed on the night-breeze the  
blood of their prey.

But she felt not the wind and the rain beating  
o'er her ;  
She heard not the wolves that were prowling  
so near :  
With the loved of her soul in his life-blood before  
her,  
What pang could she dread, or what harm  
could she fear ?

She clasped the cold form to a heart that was  
breaking ;  
She press'd the pale lips that could greet her  
no more ;  
And she prayed for the slumber that knows no  
awaking,  
That the anguish and grief of her soul might  
be o'er.

She sought for repose where so oft she had  
found it,

And pillow'd her head on that still bleeding  
breast ;  
Though darkness, and danger, and death were  
around it,  
She clung to it still, as a haven of rest !  
When the shadowy gloom of the night had  
departed,  
A sorrowful sight met the Morn's rosy eye :  
There the being so faithful, so fond, so true-  
hearted,  
In death, by the side of her soldier did lie.



### CROWNING OF CORINNE.

Madam de Staël, in her work entitled "Corinne, or Italy," has embodied a description of the crowning of Corinne at the Capitol of Rome. The following lines were suggested by a perusal of her chaste and classic description of that event.

I stood on holy ground—Rome's Capitol !  
That consecrated spot, so fraught with power  
To fill the mind with classic images.

My thoughts were wandering back to those  
proud days

When Rome's all-conquering heroes trod that  
hall

And gazed upon the trophies they had won—  
The glorious spoils of subjugated worlds !

But this was not a time for memory

To dwell upon the past ; for there arose

A sound loud as the roaring of the mighty deep,

And the voice of a vast multitude

Did rend the air. The words " Long live Co-  
rinne "

Fell on mine ear, as if a million tongues

Breathed forth the feelings of a million hearts.

For whom this triumph ? What mighty con-  
queror

Comes to claim the crown, the meed of honor

Romans gave to deck their champion's valor ?

None made reply. The car moved on, and soon

Beneath a high triumphal arch it paused

Amid the pealing shouts of "Glory to Corinne."

I look'd around on that imposing scene :

There, in that spacious hall, the Senators

Of Rome, a numerous throng of Priests

And Cardinals, and the fair daughters  
Of that clime, were all assembled.  
Within the centre of that august crowd  
Was placed a chair of state, and near it stood  
A reverend Senator with crown of bays  
And myrtle in his hand.

And for whose brow,  
Think you, was this design'd? Not for a king's,  
Not for a patriot's, or a warrior's bold,  
But for a Woman's!

And now she comes amid the shouts  
Of "Glory to Corinne—Italia's Poetess!"  
"Glory to genius and to beauty!"  
Behold with what a queenlike step she treads  
That lofty hall: see how she smiles,  
Tho' tears of gratitude bedew her cheek,  
While on her brow is placed the fadeless wreath.  
That crown which Petrarch wore, which  
Tasso won;  
Which circled Dante's head and deck'd the  
brow  
Of Ariosto! that immortal crown  
Is placed upon a woman's gentle brow;  
And never haughty king, or conqueror,

Or statesman wise ; not even Italy's  
Impassioned bards were worthier  
Of the meed.

She rises now,  
And with her lyre breathes forth such music-  
tones

As charm the soul. She thanks her countrymen  
In strains so rich and glowing, that  
No pen can shadow forth its beauty.

'Tis more than poetry ; a gush of feeling  
From a heart filled with the deepest gratitude  
To those who thus have honor'd her.

She sings the praises of her native land ;  
That land which doth not keep  
A woman from the shrine, the glorious shrine  
Of Genius and of Poesy.



## POESY.

'Tis thine, sweet Poesy, to lure the soul,  
A willing slave, from Reason's sober ray ;  
And bid it wander, at thy soft control,  
Through Pleasure's paths or Fancy's flow-  
ery way.

'Tis thine to weave a wild and witching spell,  
That chains the mind in fetters of delight,  
And leads it far in fairy worlds to dwell,  
'Mid blissful dreams and scenes of beauty  
bright.

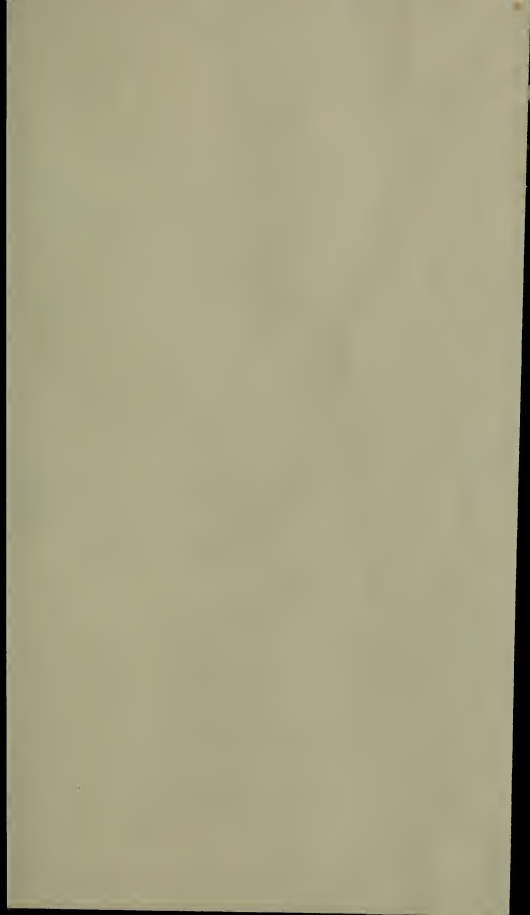
'Tis thine to scatter o'er life's changeful stream  
The fragrant flowers of Hope and Joy and  
Love ;  
To shed o'er cold Reality a beam  
Which lights and warms like summer sun  
above.

And thine, oh, child of high and holy birth !  
To deck with Eden hues the lowly things of  
earth.

— THE END. —

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